



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

A JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD.

BY

BENJAMIN ROBBINS CURTIS, ESQ., OF BOSTON.

I invite you all to accompany me this evening on a journey around the world. We shall be obliged to travel *very rapidly*; and I doubt if even the electric telegraph itself can cause a despatch to circle the globe in the short time that I have been kindly allowed to claim your attention. But, though we must move so quickly, we can still accomplish much, for we shall travel by a veritable air-line; we shall not be dependent upon railroads or steamboats; and in spirit we will take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea.

Having obtained from the State Department at Washington the usual passport provided by our government for travelers in distant lands, we will bid farewell to our friends at home, take with us as little baggage as possible, and turn our faces westward to San Francisco. As our steamer, which will carry us from San Francisco to Japan, is advertised to sail out of the Golden Gate in a little less than a month from the time of our departure, we shall not have time to linger long over the many wonders of our own country. But we will visit, nevertheless, some of the chief objects of interest *en route*, and we will become somewhat acquainted with the most important natural curiosities for which the Great West is famous.

Our first stop will be at Niagara Falls, a good view of which we will obtain from the American side; and we will remain here long enough to witness this great cataract by moonlight. We will then pass quickly through the cities of Detroit and Chicago, and will rush on thence to St. Louis, passing over the great bridge across the Mississippi river, which has been pronounced a "wonder of engineering art and mechanical construction." We will travel thence over the Kansas Pacific Railroad to Denver, from which city a little narrow-gauge railroad runs directly up the celebrated Colorado cañon. This road, built as it is along the banks of streams and

through cuts in the solid rock, which rises so high above one's head that it almost shuts out the sky, is a tribute to man's superiority to the obstructions Nature has placed in his way. The traveler is pushed slowly up the gorge, a towering mass of rocks on the one hand, and on the other, far below, a quickly flowing stream, hissing and gurgling over stones and fallen trees and old mill-wheels. Magnificent mountain views, constantly changing, are everywhere to be seen; finally the terminus of the road is reached, and we arrive at a characteristic mining town called Central City. On all sides, and stretching away off into the distance, countless peaks, many snow-capped, thrust their heads upwards, while a thin bluish haze floats around them, brought out into stronger relief by the excessive clearness of the air elsewhere. We must now turn our faces back to Denver and proceed to Cheyenne to meet the Union Pacific Railroad, which will carry us farther west. We are bound to Salt Lake City, and leaving the Union Pacific Railroad at Ogden, we proceed by a branch road into the heart of Mormonism. The streets are broad and shady; the houses, mostly built of wood, are set a little back from the roads, and each one possesses its own plot of ground, where flowers or vegetables are cultivated. A city? No; rather a great caravanserai in the centre of a burning desert. The roofs of most of the houses are flat, and little gardens are sprouting from them, forming pleasant resting-spots for evening-time. One can hardly believe he is in an American city. A strange moral atmosphere pervades the place. The passers-by seem filled with a consciousness of a Presence which is ever at their doors; whose laws they must obey, whose continual supervision they cannot escape. We will now walk to another point, from which a good general view of the city can be obtained. The situation of Salt Lake is extremely picturesque. It lies at the foot of the Wahsatch mountains, whose snow-capped hills contrast beautifully with the deep blue of the sky. Considering its desert surroundings, it is well called by "the Saints" the "Eden" of the land. The population is about thirty thousand. A United States military post, Fort Douglas, overlooks the whole city, which could soon be laid low by the powerful guns which seem to be continually watching it.

After visiting the great Mormon Tabernacle and the residence of

the late Brigham Young, we set out for the Great Salt Lake. It is reached by a little narrow gauge railroad, which was built by Brigham Young, and which extends southward from Salt Lake City for about 30 miles. After traveling about two hours the train stops at Lake Side. This consists of a small hotel built directly on the water's edge, a long pier, near which is a little steamboat, and several bathing houses. The lake is an immense sheet of water, 100 miles long and 40 miles broad. To-day it lies before us with scarcely a ripple on its surface. No fish leap up out of its depths, no insects scurry along its top. It is a *dead* sea.

We will now continue our journey westward to San Francisco, stopping first to get a view of some of the great trees of Calaveras. There are only two species of this genus known to botanists: the *Sequoia gigantea*, or Big Tree, and the *Sequoia sempervirens*, or Redwood. The latter are very numerous, and are found all along the coast range. The former have been found only in the Sierra Nevada mountains. The largest tree is called the "Father of the Forest," and measures 112 feet in circumference and 430 feet in height. This tree now lies at full length, having been uprooted in a terrible storm seven years ago. Upon a section of another tree, 25 feet in diameter, a house has been erected, and 32 persons are said to have danced there at one time. Another immense fellow, 18 feet in diameter, is stretched on the ground, and persons on horseback, entering through a knot-hole, can ride into the tree for 200 feet.

Leaving the great trees, we will descend the mountain to the long-sought-for Yosemite valley. Yosemite is an Indian word, which means "large grizzly bear." The valley is a deep and wide fissure or gorge in the Sierra Nevada mountains, within about 25 miles of their very topmost crest, and lying nearly due east from San Francisco. It is a little over seven miles in length by half a mile to a mile and a quarter in width. Its total area comprises 8,480 acres, 3,109 of which are meadow land. The entire grant to the State was 36,111 acres, and includes one mile back of the edge of the precipice, throughout its whole circumference.

"The altitude of the bottom or meadow land of the valley is 4,000 feet above the sea; while on either side the walls—which are

of beautiful gray granite of many shades—rise to the height of from 3,300 to 5,300 feet above the meadow, and are of every conceivable shape. A remarkably picturesque and beautiful river—the Merced,—full of delicious trout, and clear as crystal, runs through it, and then roars and plunges down an almost impassible cañon, entering the San Joaquin river about 60 miles south of the city of Stockton. Deciduous and evergreen trees—from the shade-giving oak to the stately pine—form picturesque groups over valley and river; in places presenting long vistas that seem like frames to many glorious pictures.” We will go on horseback to Glacier Point and look out over the tops of the mighty mountains.

The time of departure for our Pacific Mail steamer is at hand. We will travel rapidly to San Francisco and walk to the upper end of Montgomery street, whence we can look through the famous Golden Gate, where our steamer is soon to pass on its way to Japan. In 24 hours after this we are on the broad Pacific. America has faded from view: a dense fog, rolling in from the sea, wreathes itself round every portion of our ship, and a few sombre sea-gulls, lazily sweeping along in our vessel’s wake, alone remain to connect us with the world we have left. We fall at once into the miserable “land-swell;” the ship pitches terribly; the lady passengers retire to their berths, while more than one gentleman hurries away from the dinner-table in silent communion with himself.

I shall not describe the voyage across the Pacific. Three weeks pass slowly by. Days come and go, one generally the repetition of another. At last the welcome cry of “land” is heard throughout the ship, and far ahead, “cloud-like, we see the shore” of Japan. As we continue to advance, the shore grows more and more distinct. Directly before us, seemingly only a little distance from the sea, a conical mountain lifts its head above the clouds. It is sacred Fusi-yama, the holy mount of Japan, which rises 14,000 feet above the sea. Immediately our ship is surrounded by multitudes of native boats—*sampans*—a long narrow sort of canoe, propelled by half-naked Japanese, with long oars, with which they scull the crafts to and fro with wonderful skill and precision. We seat ourselves in one of these *sampans*, and our boatmen, keeping time to a peculiar cry, row us quickly ashore.

After remaining a few days in Yokohama, we will set out for the interior on horseback, and will pass along the Tokaido, the great highway across Japan from Yokohama to Kioto. The road is wide, shaded by trees, which form in many places a complete arch, while on either side are peasants' houses, with their heavy roofs of thatch. Here is a woman drawing water from a well; there we see a mother carrying her baby; an old porter passes by, who is carrying his neighbor's household utensils from place to place for a small fee. A little further on we see a group of natives preparing rice for the market, others are slowly pushing along a heavy load of tea-chests, and behind them comes a peasant woman in walking costume. We stop at a tea-house by the side of the road, and are waited on by polite attendants. The little daughter of the proprietor brings us a refreshing cup of tea. Here we meet and are introduced to a couple of *Samuri*, or two-sworded men. We proceed on our way through a heavy rain, and we find that we are not so well protected from the shower as some natives who pass by dressed for the storm. After riding for about an hour, we dismount at a foot of a flight of wide stone steps, and, leaving our horses, ascend the steps, and, passing under a huge stone gateway, stop involuntarily; for there before us, its face in deep, calm repose, is the bronze idol of Daibutsu, Great Buddha, the realization, in countenance, of entire rest and complete annihilation of care! This remarkable image is 44 feet in height, 87 feet in circumference of base, $8\frac{1}{2}$ in length of face, $3\frac{1}{2}$ in length of eyes, 3 in width of mouth, and 34 in diameter of knees. It was erected, hundreds of years ago, with the desire of displaying to the worshipers of the god a picture of that perfect, blissful peace of the world to come, for which all should strive by a strict observance of the rules of the sect, and which is only to be obtained by a long and faithful probation of the body. This ideal has surely been realized in the bronze, and it seems to me it would be difficult to find another face expressing such absolute repose. The drooping lids, the serene mouth, and the calm joy in the expression of the whole—as of one who has striven for a longed-for object for a lifetime, and at last has obtained the result to which he has consecrated his whole being—all this strikes the beholder, and keeps him long in silent admiration. And as we walk slowly across

the beautiful park, over which a deep silence reigns, broken only by the musical notes of birds flitting from tree to tree, we almost fear to tread loudly lest we awaken the god from a slumber.

After talking for a few minutes with the priest who lives near by, we pass through a doorway at the base of the idol, and ascend a flight of steps leading up to the interior of the head. A little shrine has been erected here. Having descended to the ground, we remount our horses and continue our journey to Kamakura. As we are leaving the courtyard, we turn to take a last look at Daibutsu. The expression of the face seems changed ! The countenance is still, indeed, clothed with peace, but the mouth now has a scornful curl, indicating, as it were, that those who can reach the blissful state are very, very few. Returning to Yeddo, we will visit one of the great temples at Shiba. This is the outer gateway. Passing this, we come into the inner sanctuary. Then we go to the old palace of the former Tycoon, with its moat and drawbridge, its bastions formed of solid stones, one of which is 32 feet long. After presenting a letter to a Japanese gentleman of position, we are introduced to his wife, beautifully attired in native dress. Then we return to Yokohama, and embark on a steamer which carries us through the famous Inland Sea. Our vessel glides through calm water, and passes within a stone's-throw of beautiful green hills, which rise boldly from the sea. Soon we see Papenberg, a perpendicular wall of rock, from whose summit many Christians were hurled in 1636. In a few hours after this we enter the harbor of Nagasaki. Nagasaki is built at the foot of a semicircle of high hills. The European quarter is situated to the east. On the western side is Detsima, the former Dutch factory, and behind this stretches the native town. Nagasaki became a treaty port in 1858. Before this, the Dutch had entire control of the trade, but they were so restricted and so carefully watched by the natives that they could only have regarded themselves as prisoners.

Exquisite tortoiseshell work, and tasteful and delicate porcelain ware, are the chief productions. You have all heard of the terrible typhoons of the tropical seas. I will show you this same Nagasaki after the disastrous typhoon of 1874, with its wharves totally destroyed. Again we embark on a steamer, and turn our faces

towards the Celestial Empire of China, and after a two days' voyage we cast anchor in the harbor of Shanghai. Shanghai, 1,190 miles distant from Yokohama and 800 miles from Hong Kong, was opened to foreign trade in 1846. The foreigners (in number about 4,000) live apart from the natives, in a reservation which is composed of the American, the English, and the French "quarters." Shanghai contains probably the finest warehouses and private establishments of any city in the empire. We are here, on our landing, introduced to a couple of military mandarins in full regalia. Walking out through the native city, we see a characteristic family group outside a peasant's cottage. Near by a porter is rapidly trundling along a fellow-craftsman, homeward bound with a recent purchase. In another part of the city we meet a long marriage procession, the bride in an elaborate sedan-chair preceding the groom, who is carried after her on his way to his own house. The peculiar type of the native women is well shown in another family group near at hand.

As we are bound directly to the north, to Peking and the Great Wall, we proceed by steamer to Tien-tsin, 725 miles from Shanghai, where we take horses for our overland journey. The distance from here across country to Peking is 80 miles, and it must be accomplished on horseback in two days. At the end of the first 40 miles we stop at one of the rude Chinese inns with which all overland travelers are obliged to content themselves. A Chinese inn is decidedly uninviting in its general outward appearance, and a closer acquaintance with its interior arrangements is scarcely more encouraging. A wall of mud and bricks, about eight feet high, shuts in the premises from the village street, and passing this you find yourself in a sort of quadrangle with low brick buildings on three sides, partly devoted to cattle and partly to men. Being a foreigner, you are met, on your arrival, by the proprietor, and you are led at once to the best room. This turns out to be a little chamber about 15 by 20 feet, in which is a table, four chairs, and a brick *cong*—a sort of platform, about six feet long and three feet high. Upon this you are to stretch your mattress, which (of course) you have brought with you. The very next partition to yours, possibly, may be a simple stall in which are quartered

horses, mules, camels, or sheep ! Rice, eggs, mutton and tea may be obtained, but everybody brings food with them. In cold weather a sort of stove under each *cong* is filled with charcoal, and the bricks are comfortably warmed. The usual Chinese inn is dirty and thoroughly uncomfortable, and a foreigner is sure to have at least a quarter of the village surrounding his door from the first moment of his arrival, watching his every movement, and gazing in deep astonishment at his peculiar method of conveying his food to his mouth. An empty bottle or sardine-box is highly prized, and a fierce wrangle is caused by tossing one out of the inn door.

It is impossible for a traveler to sleep uninterruptedly at a Chinese inn. From hour to hour one hears loud cries from men, shrill blasts of horns, the beating of drums, the explosion of fire-crackers, and a peculiar noise made by the town watchman by striking together two sticks of wood. Soon after daybreak, moreover, the whole inn is astir. The courtyard is filled with a crowd of men and beasts, and further sleep is out of the question.

At the end of the second day we enter the great city of Peking. This contains about 2,000,000 inhabitants. Three great walls surround it. The streets are unusually wide for a Chinese city, and if it were not for the total absence of sewers and the abominable habits of the people, the pure air from the neighboring hills would render it quite a desirable residence. The most important personage in Peking is Kung-Chi-Wong, or Prince Kung, uncle of the young Emperor, and Regent of China. Near his residence is the celebrated Marble Bridge. This structure spans a wide stream, running close to the Imperial buildings, full of lotos-flowers and great masses of decaying weeds and general rottenness. With proper care, this rivulet might be kept clear and fresh, and such was undoubtedly the intention of the Emperor, who planned the surrounding pleasure parks and grounds, but it is neglected, along with so much else in China.

Here we meet a local mandarin of high rank, accompanied by his two native secretaries. Thence we visit a police court, where very doubtful justice is dispensed with absolute oriental carelessness. Then we pay a visit to the great Bell Temple, where hangs the second largest bell in the world, 18 feet high and 36 feet in

circumference. It was cast A.D. 1400. The Llama Pagoda next claims our attention, which is considered the most beautiful in China. It contains near the base some magnificent carving. As we are passing an opium house we will step in for a moment. Two wretches are under the influence of the drug.

We go now to the celebrated Temple of Heaven, where the Emperor worships once every year. The Temple of Heaven is a pagoda-like structure, covered with blue tiles. Three umbrella-like roofs rise, one above another, from the blue walls below. These walls are elaborately sculptured and enameled, and are inlaid with glass-work. Three white marble terraces, finely carved, surround it. Near by are three bronze vessels, in which the papers of criminals of high rank are burned. Behind is the spot where cattle are slaughtered for the yearly sacrifice, performed by the Emperor after worshipping in the temple.

The door of the temple is bolted, but we can easily look in through the windows. No idols of any sort are to be seen. The interior pillars and wood-work are solid but plain. Once a year in this place he who calls himself "Ruler of the Earth" bows down before the Sovereign of Heaven.

Close by we see a couple of miserable wretches undergoing the punishment of the *Cangue*, or pillory. Continuing our way, we ride about two miles outside of the city to the ruins of the celebrated Summer Palace of the Emperors. This magnificent residence was destroyed by the foreign allied forces in 1860, in return for indignities offered by the Chinese to the English Minister, Sir Harry Parkes. We pass first through a succession of gates, each shutting in what must formerly have been beautiful pleasure-parks. On our right hand are the ruins, extending to the top of a high hill, on the summit of which—its imperial yellow roof and tiles glistening in the sun like gold—stands the only building that remains from the terrible desolation that was spread over the whole. The front of this structure contains innumerable little Buddhas, standing in niches very near together. The view from the top of the hill, where the building stands, is one of the finest in the vicinity of Peking, and the varied prospect of lake, valley and mountains must have pleased even an emperor. But now palace walls are crumbling to

pieces; stone lions, bronze gods and marble pagodas lie heaped in an indiscriminate mass, covered all over with fragments of the blue, yellow and green bricks of which the royal buildings were mainly constructed.

Leaving this scene of desolation, we will continue our way on horseback to the Ming Tombs and the Great Wall. The Ming Tombs are the tombs of the Ming dynasty, who ruled from 1368-1628. A long avenue leads up to the tombs, on each side of which are colossal figures of blue marble. Two pairs of lions, unicorns, camels, horses and elephants compose the group, all finely carved, and next to these are ranged colossal priests and warriors, some with huge swords, who seem to be guarding these precincts of the dead. The elephants are 13 feet high and 7 long. At the end of the long avenue can be seen the tomb of Yung Lo, the founder of the Ming dynasty. We continue our journey towards the Great Wall, and stop for the night at Nan Kow, at the entrance to the pass of the same name. This pass is a Chinese road, so called. The traveler must proceed on foot, or on the back of a mule, or in a mule-litter. After riding about four hours, we emerge from the pass, and soon arrive at the Great Wall, which stretches over the hills far off into the distance. At certain intervals steps lead up to the top. The wall is about 40 feet high and 12 feet wide. It is built of a hard gray stone. Against modern artillery it would be of little avail. The wall was begun B. C. 200. It is about 1,200 miles long, and surmounts the highest and most inaccessible peaks in the vicinity.

We ascend to the summit. On the high mountains, stretching away into the distance, can be distinguished the thin gray line of the wall. On the plain below, a long procession of heavily loaded camels is winding slowly on, the shouts of the drivers echoing through the hills. Except this, all is quiet and still. Before us is an Asiatic picture which will never be effaced from our minds.

Having now visited these interesting historical objects in the north of China, we turn our faces southward to Hong Kong, and after a pleasant voyage of about a week, cast anchor in the harbor opposite the city. Hong Kong (Island of Sweet Water) was seized by the English in 1842, in return for the destruction of opium by the Chinese, and for various insults to British residents at Canton.

Hong Kong is built on an island, and the town is planted at the base and on the side of the precipitous Victoria peak, which rises perpendicularly for 1,800 feet. It is said that one can drop a stone from the summit into the main street of the town below. The population of Hong Kong is made up of different nationalities, and varies so continually that it is impossible to state it exactly. In round numbers, it is about 135,000. The foreigners number about 3,500. The harbor is large and convenient, and is full of steamers and sailing vessels from all parts of the world. The warehouses of the merchants are commodious and well built; the private residences and villas, nestling in different parts of the hill, form agreeable retreats after the toil of the day.

We will now ascend Victoria peak, and stop at the little house that is built on the top. From here a fine bird's-eye view of the city and harbor can be obtained.

On our way down the hill we pass one of the traveling restaurants. These are much patronized by the working classes. Then we will pay a visit to a celebrated mandarin and his wife, whose house is pleasantly situated near by. We are received in his audience-room, which is a good example of the reception-room of a native official. As a contrast to this, we will call at the residence of an English merchant, to observe the manner of life of foreigners in the East. His parlor is large, well furnished, and comfortable. His pleasant dining-room adjoining is provided with a punkah, or great fan, which is used so much in hot countries. Then we will stop at Government House, the residence of the English Governor-General. Before our departure from Hong Kong, we will go to the celebrated race-course of the foreigners, beautifully situated in the Happy Valley, so called. Then we step in for a moment at the Chinese theatre, where a play is going on which has continued every day for the past week from four o'clock of the afternoon until daybreak of the following morning. Under the guidance of a friend, we proceed inland a mile, where a large vessel was carried bodily by the great typhoon of 1874, and deposited near a pagoda. Thence we go by steamer from Hong Kong up the Canton or Pearl river to Canton, a distance of 90 miles, and cast anchor in the river opposite the city, in the midst of a perfect flotilla of the famous

“house boats.” These boats are the homes of a large portion of the population of the city. Women and young girls take the place of the men (who for the most part are employed elsewhere), and mothers with their babies strapped on their backs wield a long oar with wonderful muscular power. Often, too, the mothers tie their very youngest children to the deck by a long cord, while those of a few years tumble about with a bamboo float fastened around them, which serves at once for clothing and life-preserver. Canton river swarms with life. Regular streets are formed by “the house boats,” which are placed side by side, and the multitude of men, women and children (of all ages), dogs, ducks and chickens that are packed away in them for the night is appalling. Then we leave the steamer and enter one of the streets of the city. Canton is distant 90 miles from Hong Kong and 80 miles from Macao. It contains a population of 1,000,000 in the city proper, while 250,000 live in boats. A large foreign population still dwells on the reservation, but the number has been considerably diminished of late years, owing to the stagnation of trade. We will lunch at one of the numerous floating restaurants anchored off the city, where a dinner is served in true Chinese style, and of which, being foreigners, we partake sparingly. Continuing our way, we come suddenly on to the execution ground of the city. A criminal is about to pay the penalty of his crimes, and the stolid faces of the spectators indicate the carelessness with which they regard the death of a human being. Close by is a large Buddhist temple, and we enter and pay our respects to the various divinities therein. As our time is short, we must rejoin the steamer and proceed to Macao, a distance of 80 miles.

Macao was settled by the Portuguese A. D. 1547; and though this nation has held it ever since, and filled it with her own citizens and soldiery, still China has always insisted that it is in reality under her dominion. A lovely place it is, with a long curved beach, and with boldly-rising hills around, on whose summits fleecy clouds rest constantly. In front of the town are several islands. The typhoon of September, 1874, did great damage to the town and harbor, but the traces of the disaster are nearly removed.

Here the Portuguese poet Camoës died in 1580. A monument has

been erected to his memory, inscribed with the following beautiful poem written by Sir John Bowring :

SONNET TO MACAO.

- “Gem of the Orient Earth and open sea,
Macao ! That in thy lap and on thy breast
Hast gathered beauties all the loveliest
Which the sun smiles (on) in his majesty !
- “The very clouds that top each mountain’s crest
Seem to repose there, lingering lovingly.
How full of grace the green Cathayon tree
Bends to the breeze, and now thy sands are prest
- “With gentlest waves, which ever and anon
Break their awakened furies on thy shore !
Where these the scenes that poet looked upon
Whose lyre, though known to fame, knew misery more ?
- “They have their glories, and earth’s diadems
Have nought so bright as genius’ gilded gems.”

We continue our journey, and in another week cast anchor in Singapore harbor. Singapore, the capital of the Straits settlements, is situated one degree north of the equator. It was founded in 1819, and transferred by the Indian government to the Crown in 1867. The population is about 100,000, of whom 800 are English, Americans and Europeans. Singapore is one of the great highways of the world, and contains representatives of nearly every race of men on the globe. The business part of the town contains many fine buildings, and the large and comfortable dwellings of the merchants are pleasantly situated in the suburbs. The town possesses a large Episcopal church, several massive government buildings, and a spacious residence occupied by the Governor. A strong fort overlooks the harbor. There are many beautiful gardens and excellent roads in the vicinity, while an unchanging and agreeable climate, luxurious tropical vegetation and a profusion of delicious fruit combine to render Singapore a most enjoyable residence for man.

In the immediate vicinity of Singapore is a beautiful cocoanut grove

and close by are the celebrated giant ferns. Returning to the town, we again embark and, crossing the Indian ocean, at the end of three days we come in sight of the island of Java, and anchor off Batavia. The population of Batavia is about 100,000. It possesses, besides its many private residences and warehouses, an opera-house, several very ordinary hotels, a fine museum, and a handsome residence occupied by the Governor-General. The climate is hotter than our very warmest summer day, and no one walks out in the middle of the day, for the sun has a very dangerous power. Many sorts of fruits can be obtained, and all may be eaten with safety, except the pineapple, which in Java is exceedingly hurtful.

On landing, we are driven rapidly to the chief hotel. In the afternoon we visit a Dutch merchant, who receives us in his bungalow. He accompanies us to a horticultural exhibition, where we see a beautiful pyramid of all the Javanese fruits. Close by is a museum containing the many different weapons of the natives. After passing a few days in Batavia, we proceed inland for about 20 miles, to visit a coffee planter. Our host accompanies us to a celebrated lake, surrounded by exquisite tropical scenery. We stop for the night at a little hotel in Buitenzorg, from which a lovely inland view is obtained. The Hotel Bellevue at Buitenzorg is built on the summit of a hill, and, standing on the back piazza, the visitor sees before him one of the most beautiful views that the island affords. At the foot of the hill a winding river flows between tall groves of cocoanut, and through the very thickest tropical foliage; a cloud-topped mountain rises boldly in the distance. On its summit are found the curious birds'-nests which are so largely exported for food. The whole neighborhood abounds in lovely scenery and foliage. Our friend takes us to another beautiful spot. A little beyond is a native hut, and here we see also a specimen of the native cart, drawn by cattle. On our way back we are introduced to a Javanese lady of rank, the wife of the native Viceroy, who receives us in her house in the presence of her maid.

As our time is short we must be again on our way, and we will return to Batavia and take the steamer for Ceylon, and at the end of ten days the beautiful island comes in sight. As the steamer rounds the green promontory which marks the entrance to the

harbor of Point De Gall, a beautiful picture presents itself. On the right groves of cocoanut trees, surrounded with thick foliage, afford refreshing shade to a little cluster of native huts, which, with their thatched roofs, look tropical and primitive. On the left, a tall lighthouse rises boldly from a high ledge of rocks over which the sea tumbles and breaks, leaping upwards every little while in clouds of spray. In front lies the town, running from the seashore to the summit of a hill, and sheltered completely behind the guns of the English fort, which cover every approach to the harbor. In the distance is Adam's Peak, which rises to a height of 7,400 feet.

As soon as a steamer comes to anchor it is surrounded by multitudes of long, narrow boats called *catamarans*, each with two huge outriggers, to which is attached a thick log, which moves along near the surface of the water and steadies the whole craft. Indeed, these canoes are so narrow that, without this balancing-log, it would be impossible to navigate them.

On landing at Point De Galle, we are pestered by some of the dealers in precious stones. Travelers should be cautious how they purchase. We stop in at a coffee warehouse, where women are separating the berries into different grades. Then we make a call on an English merchant at his bungalow. He accompanies us to the Pettah, an old temple, beautifully carved. He invites us to proceed with him to Kandy, the old capital of the island, over the wonderful railroad, which runs in some places above the clouds. The railroad was started in 1859 by the late governor, Sir H. Ward. It runs through the thickest vegetation of the island, and for $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles ascends an incline of one in 45, rising to an altitude of 1,700 feet at a station called Kaduganava. The journey to Kandy occupies nearly five hours. This time is required, as the train must go very slowly for the last third of the way. The cars wind over mountains, through long tunnels, and along the verge of apparently inaccessible heights, from which one can look far down into the valleys below. After a ride of a few hours we arrive at the old town of Kandy, once the residence of native rulers. It is very picturesque situated. Here is the temple, which contains what is

said to be a veritable tooth of the great Buddha. It is called the Dalada, or the Temple of the Tooth.

And now, bidding farewell to lovely Ceylon, we must proceed by steamer along the southern coast of India, and after a voyage of two weeks we cast anchor in the Hooghly river opposite Calcutta. Calcutta (called so from Kali, a goddess, and Cuttah, a temple) is situated on the west bank of the Hooghly, about 110 miles from the mouth. The place has been in the possession of the English since 1664. The middle of the city is in the form of a square, with the Maidan, or park, in the centre. Here is Government House, the residence of the Viceroy. Near by is the town hall, hospital, court-house, and the new post-office. The native quarter is thickly inhabited, and contains bazaars, Hindoo pagodas and Mohammedan mosques. The streets of Calcutta are wide and clean, and the whole city, including the native quarter, is excellently drained. The entire population amounts to 1,000,000, of whom 20,000 are Europeans. The thermometer rarely falls below 52°, and seldom exceeds 100°.

But as there is not much of special or peculiar interest to travelers in this city, we decide to push on to Benares, and after a tiresome day's travel on the overland railroad we reach the city. Benares is situated on the left bank of the Ganges, 475 miles by rail from Calcutta. Its population amounts to about 174,000. It is regarded by the natives as the most holy city in India. Multitudes of pilgrims flock to Benares annually, and aged priests, expecting soon to die, hasten hither to rest their bones in the city's sacred soil. Indeed, men guilty of the foulest crimes believe that a visit to Benares and a solemn worship at some of its numberless shrines will bring forgiveness for their sins and will assure the safety of their souls hereafter.

As far back as the middle of the sixth century, Benares must have been a city of importance in many ways ; for it was to the monastery, now called Sarnath, that Shakyamuni, the Great Buddha, came at that time, and, seating himself under a tree, preached for the first time the famous doctrines of Dharma and Nirvana, which have been since embraced by millions of people. Before this period Benarès was the centre of Hindooism, and chief seat of its

authority. Benares is a city of no mean antiquity. 25 centuries ago, at the least, it was famous. When Babylon was struggling with Nineveh for supremacy, when Tyre was planting her colonies, when Athens was growing in strength, before Rome had become known, or Greece had contended with Persia, or Cyrus had added lustre to the Persian monarchy, or Nebuchadnezzar had captured Jerusalem and the inhabitants of Judea had been carried into captivity, she had already risen to greatness, if not to glory.

We will procure a boat and be rowed slowly along on the river in front of the city. The different towers, temples, mosques and palaces, of Hindoo and Saracenic styles, stretch along the river bank, and rise to the summit of a lofty cliff over a hundred feet high. In the holy waters of the Ganges hundreds of people are bathing; while others, who have performed their morning ablutions, are worshipping at some of the numerous shrines in the vicinity, or are conversing with pious Brahmins—called “Sons of the Ganges,”—who, seated under immense palm umbrellas, exhort the people or expound theological dogmas. We will leave the boat at this point to get another view of the temples, that will well repay us for our trouble. Proceeding a little further, we arrive opposite the great Mosque of Aurungzebe. Then we make our way to the palace of the Rajah of Benares, and are received by his Excellency and suite. The old gentleman has several elephants, which he will frequently allow foreigners to ride. The next day we go outside of the city to visit the famous ruins at Sarnath. This is said to have been the birthplace of Buddha. It is a solid round tower, 93 feet in diameter at the base, 110 feet in height above the surrounding ruins, and 128 feet above the general level of the country.

Now we must leave the city of Benares, and continue our journey to Lucknow by the railway, which we reach in about 12 hours. Lucknow was founded by the Hindoos. The modern town contains three quarters: the native portion, built by Akbar the Great in the middle of the 16th century; the court suburb, built by Asoof-ud-Dowlah in 1775; and lastly, to the north and west, the residences of the English officials and the cantonments of the troops. It is noted for its celebrated ruins of the great mutiny of 1857. This gateway is called the “Baillie Guard,” from Colonel Baillie, one of the old

British Residents, who built it as a defence to the Residency in the early part of the present century. The stones of the archway are riddled with shot and shell, bearing witness to the fierce and incessant cannonade which was poured upon the whole place. Passing in, the large ruin building on the right is the Residency proper, in which Lawrence received his death-wound. The native revolt did not spread to Lucknow till the 29th of June. On the morning of that day Sir Henry Lawrence learned that a body of rebels was advancing upon the city, and on the following morning a picked portion of the garrison marched out to meet them. Having marched six miles from the city, the Englishmen were astonished to find a complete army, composed of an irresistible force of all arms, drawn up in order of battle. The native artillerymen, on the side of the English, at once deserted their guns; the howitzer was immediately captured by the enemy; the small British force was speedily surrounded. Colonel Case, of the 32d, and nearly a hundred of his men were killed. The siege began on the 1st of July. On the 4th the brave Lawrence expired, killed by a shell thrown from his own lost howitzer, which entered a room in the Residency where he was writing a despatch. The sufferings of the besieged were terrible. Deaths occurred from day to day. When, on the 26th of September, Havelock arrived to their relief, of nine officers of the Bengal artillery, five had fallen; 11 ladies and 53 children had been slain, or had died of sickness and privation; and from this time till the 17th of November (the date of the final relief by Sir Colin Campbell) 122 more of the old garrison and 400 of Havelock's men died.

In the adjoining cemetery rests Lawrence. His tombstone bears the following inscription:

Here Lies
HENRY LAWRENCE,
Who tried to do his duty.
May the Lord have mercy on his soul.

One of the best preserved buildings in Lucknow is the Lall Baradari, or public hall of reception of the old native rulers. Now, leaving Lucknow, we continue our journey to Cawnpore, famous for the mutiny days.

In the year 1852, Bajee Rao, the last Peishwa of the Mahratta confederacy, died, leaving all his property to his adopted son, Dhoondoo Punth, commonly called Nana Sahib. The English Government, however, at once announced that though Nana Sahib should inherit the property, the pension and official salute of the Peishwaship would be discontinued. For the next five years the Nana used every effort to change this decree, and smarting under a sense of wrong, he heard of the outbreak at Delhi with joy, and, being on intimate terms with the English, knew that he was in a position to obtain as complete revenge as his long-continued and unnoticed injuries seemed to demand.

On the morning of the 6th of June, 1857, the native troops mutinied and marched out to Kalianpur, the first stage on the Delhi road, evidently with the intention of eventually joining the main body of mutineers.

Sir Hugh Wheeler took his followers, combatant and non-combatant, into a refuge that he had prepared for them in the depot barracks, standing where the new church is now built.

It was now the Nana's turn. Although he had been for the last few years continually petitioning for a restoration of his predecessor's honors, he had always used such tact that the English, so far from regarding him as an enemy, put him in charge, at this critical period, of the arsenal, magazine, park and treasury ! Thus extraordinarily favored by fortune, his revenge was easy. Following the rebels who had departed to Kalianpur, he quickly persuaded them to return and attack the British at once, instead of proceeding to their fellow mutineers at Delhi. On the very day that Sir Hugh Wheeler entered the entrenchment, the Nana declared his rebellion. Summoning an overwhelming body of natives, he surrounded the little band of Europeans on all sides, and formally opened the siege on the 7th of June.

For three dreadful weeks, the little garrison struggled on. With many sick and dying, without medicine or hospital stores, and short of ammunition, they were subjected to a continual bombardment from without and to hunger and distress within. The brave men, however, did not suffer themselves to be simply besieged. Many sorties were made, and several of the enemy's guns were spiked and

captured. Deaths, however, occurred frequently. Men, women and children sank under the prolonged sufferings; and when, on the 26th, the Nana offered to treat, the survivors accepted the proposition.

It was agreed that the Europeans should depart, under the Nana's escort, to Allahabad, and boats were provided to convey them thither. The picture before you is the scene of the subsequent tragedy. On the morning of the 27th of June, the survivors proceeded to embark. Immediately on the embarkation of the deluded and helpless people, who left the enclosure in the early dawn of the morning, there followed the most dastardly piece of treachery that has perhaps ever been perpetrated. Only a portion of the party had taken their places in the boats when, by previous arrangement, the boatmen set the thatched coverings of the boats on fire and rushed on to the bank. A heavy fire of grape and musketry was then opened on the Europeans. Out of 38 boats, two only managed to start; one of these was shortly swamped by roundshot, but its passengers were enabled to reach the leading boat. Of those on board the other 28 boats, some were killed, some drowned, and the rest brought back prisoners.

How different the scene of the massacre, as it lies before us to-day! The little temple near the water's edge (near which was the ambush) still sands, riddled with bullets, as if bearing witness to the dastardly deeds; near by, however, are several neat bungalows; the Ganges flows peacefully on its course; and the calm quiet and serenity which seems to pervade the spot are greatly in contrast with the rattle of artillery, the groans of the wounded and dying, and the exultant shouts of the treacherous natives, the remembrance of which will always bring a pang to every civilized nation in the world.

On the site of Wheeler's entrenchment now stands the Memorial Church. This edifice is in the Romanesque style, and is built of brick and stone in the form of a cross, with a tapering belfry at one end. Two tablets in the interior of the church should be mentioned, one for its peculiar sadness, the other for its appropriateness. The first reads: "In memory of Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Wainwright, Miss Wainwright and Mrs. Hill, 43 soldiers' wives and 55 children, murdered in Cawnpore, in June, 1857." The other tablet commemorates

the death of a score of officers and soldiers, and underneath it are the words, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

The last act in the Cawnpore tragedy remains to be told. Of all the multitude that started down the river in boats, four only escaped. The other survivors were driven to the quarters of the Nana. The women and children were placed for the time in a building called the Savada Kotee; the men were shot on the parade ground. About ten days later there was a general move nearer the town. The Nana's triumph was nearly over, and he signalized the close of his power by one of the most frightful acts of vengeance that has ever been chronicled in history. The news of the steady advance of the avenging British was brought to the Nana early in the afternoon of the same day. The Nana and his suite gathered in council to determine what disposition should be made of the prisoners. The matter was soon decided: the captives were to be put to death. At sundown four of the male prisoners were (at the special order of the Nana) taken out and murdered on the high road. Then the general slaughter was begun. Volleys were first fired through the doors and windows of the building where the prisoners were confined, and then the savages, rushing in among the captives with drawn swords, completed the fiendish massacre. At length the work was finished, and the doors were closed. The Nana was living in an old hotel within 50 yards of this house. It is said that he ordered a *nautch*, and passed the night in feasting and revelry. At day-break he ordered the hall to be cleared. It is estimated that it contained nearly 200 dead bodies. These were stripped, and the majority cast into a well near by. The remainder were hurled into the Ganges.

As soon as order was restored, Lord Canning resolved to erect a memorial on this sad spot. Mr. C. B. Thornhill, at that time Commissioner of the Division (who had lost two brothers in the mutiny), was placed in charge of the work. He was commanded to devise a structure that should protect the fatal well and preserve its site; while the Viceroy, at his own expense, ordered a memorial statue of Baron Marochetti. The result is as follows: on a pedestal built over the well is a large figure of the Angel of Pity. A Gothic wall with iron doors surrounds the premises. Near by is a well-kept

garden. Over the portal of the door is this inscription : "These are they which came out of great tribulation ;" and around the well are these words : "Sacred to the perpetual memory of the great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhoondoo Punth of Bithoor ; and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the 15th day of July, 1857."

Leaving Cawnpore, we continue our journey to Delhi. Delhi was founded in 1831 by Shah Juhan. We first visit the great mosque of Delhi, the largest in India. It is built on a rocky height to the westward of the palace, and is constructed of white marble and red sandstone, with three domes and two minarets.

It stands in a splendid court-yard, 450 feet square, and is reached by handsome marble steps. The mosque itself is 201 feet long, and 120 feet broad, and 150 feet high. It is said that 5,000 workmen were constantly employed on this mosque for six years. The interior of the mosque contains many beautiful pillars of white marble.

Continuing our way to the left, we enter the exquisite hall of audience, which once contained the celebrated Peacock Throne, worth £6,000,000 sterling, which Nadir Shah took away in 1739. This hall is supported by graceful marble pillars, beautifully inlaid with precious stones in floral designs ; and the upper sections, the ceiling, and the cornices are gilt. The room is long and wide, the marble columns are massive and finely wrought, and the decoration is most elaborate. I do not believe it has its equal in the world. The white marble platform on which the Peacock Throne rested is still here. On the cornices at each end can still be deciphered the famous inscription, in flowing Persian characters : "*Ugur furdoosee buroo-i-zumeen ust, humeen ust, humeen ust*" (Oh, if there be an Elysium on earth, it is this, it is this, it is this.)

Next comes the tomb of Nizamooden. This is surrounded by a veranda of white marble, and the sarcophagus is enclosed by a marble screen. At the head of the grave is a stand with a Koran. Not far off is the tomb of Juhanara. The sarcophagus is likewise enclosed by a marble screen. Juhanara was the daughter of the Emperor Shahjuhan. She is said to have been a woman of remarka-

ble talents and virtues. She was the sister of Dara Sheko, heir-apparent to Shahjuhan, who was murdered by his younger brother Aurungzeb, who then deposed his father and proclaimed himself emperor. Juhanara refused to reside at the court of her wicked brother, but remained with her father at Agra. It is believed that she was removed to Delhi and murdered at the command of Aurungzeb. On her tomb are these words, said to have been written by herself :—"Let no rich coverlet adorn my grave ; this grass is the best covering for the tomb of the poor in spirit, the humble, the transitory Juhanara, the disciple of the holy men of Cheest, the daughter of the Emperor Shahjuhan." The top of the grave is covered with a growth of coarse grass. The carved marble screen around it is an exquisite piece of workmanship. We visit next Humayoon's tomb. It was begun by this emperor's widow, Hajee, and completed by his son ; it is said that 200 workmen were employed upon it for 16 years, and that its total cost was 15 lacs of rupees (\$750,000). It is built of red stone in the form of a square, with a fine marble dome, and contains a large central hall.

We go now to the Kootub. The literal meaning of Kootub is Polar Star. The tower was begun by Kootub-ood-deen Aibuk, the lieutenant of the Ghorian conqueror of India, towards the end of the 12th century. It was not completed, however, till the middle of the reign of his successor. The tower is exquisitely proportioned. A winding staircase leads up to the top, whence an extensive view may be obtained. The Kootub is a red stone tower 238 feet high, and sloping from a diameter of 47 feet at the base to one of scarcely nine at the summit. A nearer view of a section will give a better idea of this grand work. The three lower stories are surrounded with carved scrolls containing verses from the Koran and the name and praises of the founder.

On our way back to the city we are admitted for a few moments to the great hall where one of the native princes is holding a court reception. The next day we continue our journey to Agra. Agra is situated on the west bank of the Jumna river, 139 miles south-east from Delhi, 906 miles from Calcutta, and 750 from Bombay. It contains a population of 143,000, and has a considerable trade in cotton and salt, which is sent down the Jumna in boats to

Mirzapore and Calcutta. The city was named from *agur*, a salt-pan, much salt having been made in the place by evaporation. It was founded by Akbar the Great in the middle of the sixteenth century.

We begin our day's tour with a visit to Sikundra, the tomb of Akbar the Great. This is a square building of red stone with five stories, the upper one being of white marble, and crowned by four small kiosques. The tomb was built by Juhangeer, the son and successor of Akbar. It is said to have cost 15 lacs of rupees. A beautiful garden surrounds it, full of orange, banana, tamarind, mango, palm, and peepul trees. A high red stone wall encloses the grounds, with a lofty gateway in the centre of each of its sides. On the summit of the mausoleum is a white marble sarcophagus, exquisitely sculptured, and placed in the centre of a large chamber open to the sky ; 99 titles of the Creator are on the tombstone, and at the head and foot are the salutations of the school or faith of Akbar, "Allaho Akbar ! Jilli Julali Hoo !" The real tomb which covers the remains is in a vault below the floor of the building. The hall is about 38 feet square, and the ceiling is of blue and gold plaster. Stand at a little distance from the building, opposite the main gateway ; from here one can appreciate the beauty of the whole. On either side of the wide stairway are two minarets. The different red stone stories rise one above another, surmounted by the beautiful chamber of white marble ; at each corner of the upper terrace are two marble turrets with gilded domes, which flash and glitter in the sun ; around us is the luxuriant garden, filled with bright sunlight and patches of shade, while a deep and impressive silence pervades this abode of the dead.

We next visit the fort situated in the town. This is a lofty structure of red stone, with walls about 70 feet in height and a mile and a half in circumference. The fort was captured by Lord Lake in 1803.

The Motee Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, is the most beautiful building on the premises. It is of white marble, standing on a lofty sandstone platform, and has three delicate domes of white marble. Bayard Taylor says: "It is a sanctuary so pure and stainless, revealing so exalted a spirit of worship, that I felt humbled as a Christian

to think that our noble religion has never inspired its architects to surpass this temple to God and Mahomet."

From here we drive to the Taj. Arrived at the premises, we pass through a splendid gateway of sandstone, covered with inscriptions from the Koran in white marble. Proceeding, we enter a beautiful garden with rich trees, shrubs and flowers, and many fountains. At the farther end, above the rich foliage, rises a marble building of dazzling whiteness. Its proportions are so graceful that it seems to be but lightly resting on its foundations, and its dome is so delicate that it is almost transparent. We approach nearer, ascend some white marble steps, and reach a white marble platform. Crossing this, we arrive at the door, a gem of delicate carving and tracery. We descend into the vault containing the sarcophagi of Shah Jahan and his queen, Moomtaz-i-Mahal (The Light of the World). The tombs are exquisitely adorned with bloodstone, agat, carnelian, and jewels, inlaid with great taste. They are surrounded with an octagonal screen of marble, covered with different designs worked with precious stones. The roof and walls of the chamber are pure white blocks of marble, and the echo that is returned here is wonderful. I have seen many different buildings, many handsome structures, many varied styles of architecture; never have I beheld one which surpasses this Taj Mahal.

We must now leave Agra and continue our journey to Bombay. On our arrival we drive through the fine esplanade. Bombay is distant 1,417 miles by rail from Calcutta, and 775 miles from Madras. The English obtained the place as part of the dowry of the Princess Katherine of Portugal, when she was married to Charles II. This monarch ceded it to the East India Company in 1669. It contains a population of about 700,000, and carries on an extensive trade. The city now contains many handsome buildings, wide streets lighted with gas, and a horse railroad. It is excellently drained; and Malabar hill, overlooking the town, is covered with picturesque bungalows. Multitudes of Parsees, with tall black paper hats, are constantly seen on the streets. They are thrifty and industrious, and many of them have amassed large fortunes. Not far from here is a statue of Queen Victoria.

Having engaged a small steam launch, we start about seven o'clock

for the Caves of Elephanta, situated on Garapuri island, about eight miles from Bombay. This is a specimen of the numerous cave-temples found in various parts of India. Here we see large chambers hollowed out of the rock, regular rows of sculptured pillars, and rude statues of various divinities. The chief object of interest in Elephanta is the Hindoo Trinity, an immense head with three faces, cut out of a single piece of rock, representing Shiva, Vishnu, and Buddha.

We must now bid farewell to India and cross the Arabian sea to Aden, which is situated on a rocky peninsula near the entrance to the Red sea. It is owned by the English, and would be an important naval station in case of war. It has a population of about 21,000, the majority of whom are natives. A small trade is carried on with the interior of Arabia and with the opposite ports in Africa.

Continuing our journey after a week's run up the Red sea, we disembark at Suez and cross the desert on a railway to Cairo, distant 224 miles. Cairo (Italianized from El Kahirah, The Victorious) contains a population of 375,000, of whom 20,000 are foreigners. The Khedive has greatly improved the city, and the European quarter contains many handsome residences, hotels, a public garden, and a fine opera-house. The Citadel is the largest mosque in Cairo, built on the highest ground in the city. This mosque was founded by Saladin in 1176, and its domes and minarets can be seen from almost every part of the city. We will take a nearer view of the Citadel mosque, and now will enter to inspect the interior. As we proceed through the streets of the city we pass a native—one of many—who perambulates the streets with a rude arrangement for laying the dust—a goat's-skin filled with water. Then a Ghawazee, or dancing woman, walks slowly by, her nails dyed with the much prized *henna*. Then we meet a native lady wearing the *yashmak*, or veil. Continuing our way, we visit the mosque of Emir Akhor, and then go to the mosque of Kait Bey. We pause a moment to inspect the courtyard of the palace of the Khedive. Soon after we set out for the Pyramids and Sphinx. We have not proceeded far, when we come to a curious Arab cemetery. The distance from Cairo to the pyramids is about 10 miles. The Khedive has built

a broad and good road thither, and travelers generally take barouches to accomplish the journey. At last we reach our goal. Having arrived at the foot of the Great Pyramid, we are obliged to parley with an old Arab sheik, who—for what reason no one seems to know—enjoys a sort of royalty from every traveler who ascends to the top. Having promised the sheik that his demands shall be attended to on our return to earth, and having selected four of the frantic multitude who surround us, we are marched in triumphal array towards Cheops, two Arabs in front dragging each of us along, while two more follow close behind, in readiness to push us up on to the enormous blocks of stone of which the pyramids are composed. Mark Twain well says that each stone “is as large as a dinner-table;” and it actually takes the combined exertions of the four Arabs, pushing and pulling, to get the visitor to the top.

Not far from the Great Pyramid is the Sphinx. I know a gentleman who said that as he stood beneath this great monument and gazed on its face, he was so impressed with a feeling of wonder, akin to awe, that he actually *wept*. No such emotion was excited in my breast. The figure is so mutilated that it is difficult to determine justly what its appearance may once have been. On our way back to Cairo we pass a *dahabeyeh*, or Nile boat, about to start with a party up the Nile.

Again we must take the cars, and after a journey of a few hours we reach Alexandria. Pompey’s Pillar, so called—a plain shaft of red granite, 68 feet in height and 9 feet in diameter at the bottom—is about the only monument here to be seen.

Embarking again, we cross the Adriatic sea to Italy, and stop first at Sorrento, and here we find the peculiar type of peasant women who inhabit the town. Thence on to Naples. Vesuvius is active, as usual. We visit Pompeii, and roam through its deserted and quaint streets. We see in the museum the terribly realistic portraiture of one of the former citizens of the buried city, who was suffocated with the ashes.

Thence on to Rome. We visit the Forum and the Colosseum, and the vault of the Church of the Capuchins, adorned with the remains of the old dead monks of the order. Then we press on to *La Belle Firenze*, or Florence, with its beautiful David and its lovely Venus of Canova. We stop for a few hours at Pisa to see

its leaning tower, and then proceed without further delay to Venice. We glide over the Grand canal in a gondola, and we visit the famed St. Marks. Then we take the train to Milan to see its beautiful cathedral. And thence we are carried to Paris. And from here we take our direct departure for America. In ten days our dear country comes in sight. Boston rises before us. We have traveled around the world and reached our home in safety.